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guilders and ducats; also of a striking clock and a nunner.

Anachronisms, or, more correctly speaking, blunders, have been made by painters of celebrity, which upon the "living canvas" appear more palpable than those made by authors upon paper. Some of these transcend the simply ridiculous; they border closely upon the grotesque.

Tintoret, an Italian painter, in a picture of the children of Israel, gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the Infant Saviour, and as aged men in these days wear spectacles, the artist has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden, by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice, and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the Child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch's "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scriptures inform us, he is represented as using a more effectual and modern instrument. He is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp of the marriage of Christ with St. Catherine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

#### A NIGHT IN A SCHOOLROOM.

AH, my friend, I am fast sliding back into that ocean of dreams and fancies which the firm hand of the world had nearly pulled me from.

Like an unlaid spirit I wander around through these mountain dells and forests, and from them into the empty chambers and musty rooms of these old houses. With eager delight I brush the dust from tattered books and yellow manuscripts, and instead of going to church after the manner of my Christian ancestors, I lay on my back in the shade of pines and float out of the present into a past, age—an age purple and fragrant with sweet memorial names and magnificent with heroic lines and saintly lights.

The other day I found an old copy of Dante and carried it to my "Temple of Learning," where I unrighteously stole time from my tasks to lose myself in the glories of the *Divina Commedia*.

I have brought me a large cloak that saw service

forty years ago, but is still quite respectable. In this I fancy myself a Spanish Caballero, and doubt not when I meet Beatrice, (of whom more anon) that she is some Saracen maid.

A week ago to-night it stormed, and I sent the children home, concluding to wait myself and see if the rain would not abate, so that I could walk my two miles without becoming an antediluvian, for I am convinced from the quantities of rain that fell that it was a second flood.

At the end of the hour it was worse than before, and I determined to stay all night at the schoolhouse. There was plenty of wood, and I might, with a very little stretch of imagination, fancy myself a belated traveller in a ruined castle, with the fortunate difference that ruined castles often leak, while my schoolhouse did not.

It was fast growing dark, and I went diligently to work to fasten every window and door, after which I made a splendid fire in the great stove, and then bringing up my chair and desk piled with books (not forgetting my precious Dante) threw open the stove door and sat down in the brilliant light with a comfortable feeling of home and comfort; true I had no supper, but the remains of my dinner made quite a respectable repast, and as I ate I imagined myself the belated traveller of G. P. R. James more than ever.

Supper finished and the waiter dismissed, I put more wood in the stove and then took up my books. Never did I read with such delight; the characters that lived in the almost inspired pages, stepped forth, and I seem to see them flitting softly through the gloom and shine around me. At last I closed my book gently and paced the floor for almost an hour. As I walked the lonely Larua and the saintly Beatrice glided at my side, and in the black shadow in the corner I saw the pale face and solemn eyes of Dante.

Instead of the rough pineboards I seemed to thread the moonlight streets of Florence, and then to sit with Petrarch in the church at Avignon—to bear with him the thunder of the organ and see the face of the noble wife of Hugh de Sade.

Full of these fancies I lay down at last on two benches which I drew in front of the fire, and wrapping myself in my cloak endeavoured to sleep; but sleep was only a continuation of my walking thoughts with new editions. I seemed to be surrounded with shadowy figures; at one time I had "a dream within a dream," of awaking and seeing the face of Douglas Jerrold bending over me, not brilliant with sarcasm and glowing with convivial joy, but sad and pale as he must have looked many a time in his villa at Putney, when he had not wherewithal to pay for the clothes he wore nor the food he ate.

And a little later in the night I seemed to see a group of three standing at the foot of my wooden bed; a man and two female shapes, that stood with sadly averted heads. I knew the face of the man to be Swift, and studied it closely with the reflection that I might never see him again. At last he turned and spoke to his companions, and then I saw with pitying eyes that they were that Stella and Wanessa to whom the world has given the tender remembrance which the object of their faithful love denied them.

At last morning broke in the East; through the East; through the uncurtained windows the arrows of crimson light struck clearly and awoke me. I could not sleep in the presence of the glorious pageant that filled the East, and so spent a pro-

fitable hour in gazing out of the window; I say profitable because in that hour the unspoiled freshness of youth came back to me, and I saw with loving eyes the beauty of that earth I adored in my early days. Alas, that the world should have power to transform men into what they are! Alas, that those whose youthful feet have stood on the threshold of the temple of truth should suffer themselves to fall back among the scheming crowd, and lose an eternity of heavenly peace for a few years of earthly strife and triumph.

Do not imagine that I would counsel the life of a hermit or the seclusion of a monk from worldly affairs. No, fight I say, if it please you, but for God's sake don't let it be on the side of the Philistines; rather be a David courageously slaying the Goliath of corruption and wickedness.

But I am positively moralising—are you not astonished? Adieu!

#### LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

#### FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI, CALLED IL FRANCJA.

Born 1450, died 1517.

There existed throughout the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a succession of painters in Bologna, known in the history of Italian art as the *early Bolognese school*, to distinguish it from the *later school*, which the Carracci founded in the same city—a school altogether dissimilar in spirit and feeling. The chief characteristic of the former was the fervent piety and devotion of its professors. In the *sentiment* of their works they resembled the Umbrian school, but the *manner* of execution is different. One of these early painters, Lippo (or Filippo) di Dalmasio, was so celebrated for the beauty of his Madonnas, that he obtained the name of *Lippo della Madonne*. He greatly resembled the Frate Angelico in life and character, but was inferior as an artist. To his heads of the Virgin he gave an expression of saintly beauty, purity, and tenderness, which two hundred years later excited the admiration and emulation of Guido. Lippo died about 1409. Passing over some other names, we come to that of the greatest painter of the Bologna school, FRANCESCO RAIBOLINI.

He was born in 1450; being just four years younger than his contemporary Perugino. Like many other painters of that age, already mentioned, he was educated for a goldsmith, and learned to design and model correctly. Francesco's master in the arts of working in gold and niello was a certain Francia, whose name, in affectionate gratitude to his memory, he afterwards adopted, signed it on his pictures, and is better known by it than by his own family name. Up to the age of forty, Francesco Francia pursued his avocation of goldsmith, and became celebrated for the excellence of his workmanship in chasing gold and silver, and the exquisite beauty and taste of his niellos. He also excelled in engraving dies for coins and medals, and was appointed superintendent of the mint in his native city of Bologna, which office he held till his death.

We are not told how the attention of Francia was first directed to the art of painting. It is said that the sight of a beautiful picture by Perugino awakened the dormant talent; that he learned

drawing from Marco Zoppo, one of the numerous pupils of Squarcione, and that for many months he entertained in his house certain artists who initiated him into the use of colors, &c. However this may be, his earliest picture is dated 1490, when he was in his fortieth year. It exists at present in the gallery at Bologna, and represents his favorite subject, so often repeated, a Madonna and Child, enthroned, and surrounded by saints and martyrs. This picture, which, if it be a first production, may well be termed wonderful as well as beautiful, excited so much admiration, that Giovanni Bentivoglio, then lord of Bologna, desired him to paint an altar-piece for his family chapel in the church of San Giacomo. This second essay of his powers excited in the strongest degree the enthusiasm of his fellow-citizens. The people of Bologna were distinguished among the other states of Italy for their patronage of native talent; they now exulted in having produced an artist who might vie with those of Florence, or Perugia, or Venice.

The vocation of Francia was henceforth determined. He abandoned his former employment of goldsmith and niello-worker, and became a painter by choice and by profession. During the next ten years he improved progressively in composition and in color, still retaining the simple and beautiful sentiment which had from the first distinguished his works. His earliest pictures are in oil; but his success encouraged him to attempt fresco, and in this style, which required a grandeur of conception and a breadth and rapidity of execution for which his laborious and diminutive works in gold and niello could never have prepared his mind or hand, he appears to have succeeded at once. He was first employed by Bentivoglio to decorate one of the chambers in his palace with the story of Judith and Holofernes; and he afterwards executed in the chapel of St. Cecilia a series of frescoes from the legend of that saint. "The composition," says Kugler, "is extremely simple, without any superfluous figures; the action dramatic and well conceived. We have here the most noble figures, the most beautiful and graceful heads, a pure taste in the drapery, and masterly backgrounds." It should seem that the merits here enumerated include all that constitutes perfection. Unhappily, these fine specimens of Francia's art are falling into ruin and decay.

The style of Francia at his best period is very distinct from that of Perugino, whom he resembles, however, so far as to show that the pictures of the latter were the first objects of his emulation and imitation. In the works of Perugino there is a melancholy verging frequently on coarseness and harshness, or fading into insipidity. Francia, in his richer and deeper coloring, his ampler forms, and the cheerful, hopeful, affectionate expression in his heads, reminds us of the Venetian school.

His celebrity in a short period had extended through the whole of Lombardy. Not only his native city, but Parma, Modena, Cesena, and Ferrara, were emulous to possess his works. Even Tuscany, so rich in painters of her own, had heard of Francia. The beautiful altar-piece which has enriched our National Gallery since the year 1841 was painted at the desire of a nobleman of Lucca.

This altar-piece is composed of two separate pictures. The larger compartment contains eight figures rather less than life. In the centre on a raised throne are seated the Virgin and her mother St. Anne. The Virgin is attired in a red tunic,

and a dark blue mantle, which is drawn over the head. She holds in her lap the Infant Christ, to whom St. Anne is presenting a peach. The expression of the Virgin is exceedingly pure, calm, and saintly, yet without the seraph-like refinement which we see in some of Raphael's Madonnas. The head of the aged St. Anne is simply dignified and maternal. At the foot of the throne stands the little St. John, holding in his arms the cross of reeds and the scroll inscribed "Ecce Agnus Dei" (*Behold the Lamb of God?*) On each side of the throne are two saints. To the right of the Virgin stands St. Paul, holding a sword, the instrument of his martyrdom; and St. Sebastian bound to a pillar and pierced with arrows. On the left, St. Lawrence with the emblematical gridiron and palm-branch, and another saint, probably St. Frediano. The heads of these saints want elevation of form, the brow in all being rather low and narrow; but the prevailing expression is simple, affectionate, devout, full of faith and hope. The background is formed of two open arches adorned with sculpture, the blue sky beyond; and lower down, between St. Paul and St. Sebastian, is seen a glimpse of a beautiful landscape. The draperies are grand and ample; the coloring, rich and warm; the execution, most finished in every part. On the cornice of the raised throne, or pedestal, is inscribed FRANCIA AURIFEX BONONIENSIS P. (that is, painted by Francia, goldsmith of Bologna), but no date. It measures six feet and a half high by six feet wide.

Over this square picture was placed the lunette, or arch, which now hangs on the opposite side of the room. It represents the subject called in Italian a *Pieto*—the Dead Redeemer supported on the knees of the Virgin mother. An angel clothed in green drapery supports the drooping head of the Saviour. Another angel in red drapery kneels at his feet. Grief in the face of the sorrowing mother—in the countenances of the angels reverential sorrow and pity—are most admirably expressed.

This altar-piece was painted by Francia about the year 1500, for the Marchese Buonvisi of Lucca, and placed in the chapel of the Buonvisi family, in the church of San Frediano. It remained there till lately purchased by the Duke of Lucca, who sent it with other pictures to be disposed of in England. The two pieces were valued at four thousand pounds; after some negotiation, our government obtained them for the National Gallery at the price of three thousand five hundred pounds.

The works of Francia were, until lately, confined to the churches of Bologna and other cities of Lombardy; now they are to be found in all the great collections of Europe, that of the Louvre excepted, which does not contain a single specimen. The Bologna Gallery contains six, the Berlin Museum three, of his pictures. In the Florentine Gallery is an admirable portrait of a man holding a letter in his hand. In the Imperial Gallery at Vienna there is a most exquisite altar-piece, the same size and style as the one in the National Gallery, but still more beautiful and poetical. The Virgin and Child are seated on the throne in the midst of a charming landscape; St. Francis standing on one side and St. Catherine on the other. The Gallery at Munich contains a picture by him, perhaps, the most charming he ever painted. It represents the Infant Saviour lying on the grass amid roses and flowers; the Virgin stands before him, looking down with clasped hands, and in an ecstasy of love and devotion, on her divine Son. The figures are rather less than life. A small but very beautiful picture by Francia, a Madonna and

Child, is now in the possession of Mr. Frankland Lewis.

It is pleasant to be assured that the life and character of Francia were in harmony with his genius. Vasari describes him as a man of comely aspect, of exemplary morals, of amiable and cheerful manners; in conversation so witty, so wise, and so agreeable, that in discourse with him the saddest man would have felt his melancholy dissipated, his cares forgotten; adding that he was loved and venerated not only by his family and fellow-citizens, but by strangers and the princes in whose service he was employed. A most interesting circumstance in the life of Francia was his friendship and correspondence with the youthful Raphael, who was thirty-four years younger than himself. There is extant a letter which Raphael addressed to Francia in the year 1508. In this letter, which is expressed with exceeding kindness and deference, Raphael excuses himself for not having painted his own portrait for his friend, and promises to send it soon. He presents him with his design for the Nativity, and requests to have in return Francia's design for the Judith, to be placed among his most precious treasures; he alludes, but discreetly, to the grief which Francia must have felt when his patron Bentivoglio was exiled from Bologna by Pope Julius II., and he concludes, affectionately, "Continue to love me as I love you, with all my heart." Raphael afterwards, according to his promise, sent his portrait to his friend, and Francia addressed to him a very pretty sonnet, in which he styled him, as if prophetically, the "painter above all painters."

"Tu solo il Pittor sei de' Pittori."

About the year 1516 Raphael sent to Bologna his famous picture of the St. Cecilia, surrounded by other Saints, which had been commanded by a lady of the house of Bentivoglio, to decorate the church of St. Cecilia, the same church in which Francia had painted the frescoes already mentioned. Raphael, in a modest and affectionate letter, recommended the picture to the care of his friend Francia, entreating him to be present when the case was opened, to repair any injury it might have received in the carriage, and to correct anything which seemed to him faulty in the execution. Francia zealously fulfilled his wishes; and when he beheld this masterpiece of the divinest of painters, burst into transports of admiration and delight, placing it far above all that he had himself accomplished. As he died a short time afterwards, it was said that he had sickened of envy and despair on seeing himself thus excelled, and in his native city his best works eclipsed by a young rival. Vasari tells this story as a tradition of his own time; his expression is "*come alcuni credono*" (as some believe); but it rests on no other evidence, and is so contrary to all we know of the gentle and generous spirit of Francia, and so inconsistent with the sentiments which for many years he had cherished and avowed for Raphael, that we may set it aside as unworthy of all belief. The date of Francia's death has been a matter of dispute; but it appears certain, from state documents lately discovered at Bologna, that he died Master of the Mint in that city, on the 6th of January, 1517, being then in his sixtieth year. His son Giacomo became an esteemed painter in his father's style. In the Berlin Gallery there are six pictures by his hand; and one by Giulio Francia, a cousin and pupil of the elder Francia.